MILK Maid

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...TASTY
FRESH
MILK
FROM
Mona

Adults Only

COLLECTORS EDITION

MILK MAID

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MILK FROM MONA

The lactation cycle is one of the great mysteries of the body. The creation of milk within the confines of a woman's breast is one of the amazing phenomenons of nature. Mother's milk has been known to sexually excite many men and this has perplexed a number of psychiatrists.

Probably the symbolism of warm fluid spurting from the center of a hard nipple is the catalyst in many cases. The viewer is stirred by the fact that this liquid is manufactured deep down inside the body and through stimulation it has literally come alive!

Throughout a pregnancy the placenta has the livest assistance from the entire endocrine system in the mother's body. It is a known fact that the thyroid gland speeds up her metabolism to take care of the rapidly growing, hungry cells of the fetus. Also her parathyroid glands act to liberate calcium and phosphorus from storage in her skeletal system. All of this activity is necessary—in one stage or another—to eventually create that magical mother's milk.

There are some male observers (and women also) who have a strong desire to "personally" experience this so-called release of milk. They would like to feel the liquid on various parts of their body. This must happen spontaneously; no preparation must be made or the thrill will be instantly subdued.

To arrange such an encounter takes a great deal of imagination to begin with. The busy placenta secretes estradiol like that of the ovaries, and a second hormone like that of the anterior lobe of the pituitary which stimulates the ovaries to produce

progestin. The presence of this hormone in the urine of a pregnant woman is the basis of the standard pregnancy test.

Squirting milk from the stiffened nipples is not an impossible trick for most women (who have their breasts filled with this liquid). It was thought that a certain amount of pain would result but this entirely depends upon the individual. To some

women this kind of action is most erotic. They see themselves as fountains of "silver spray" and this overt exhibition can eventually reach an extremely high peak of excitation. No one can predict when the emotions will calm themselves.

Is it practical for the observer to "touch" the inflated breast and in this way facilitate the explosion of milk? Again it must be noted that a number of human components must be studied beforehand.

The highly patterned instinctual behavior of the lower animals is not characteristic of the human species. The human brain in the course of evolution has shed a great many fixed inborn responses in favor of freer choices and associations. Touching doesn't have to be physical; that is, two minds can touch just as well. If the female with the laden breasts is aware that her milk has certain "emotional values" then she will be moved even though no actual hand has been placed on her body.

Mother's milk remains the prime symbol of ecstasy. It could be compared to the rains from heaven (as some of the Indian tribes would say) or perhaps the baptism of erotic-togetherness (as some neo-behaviorists might say when pushed into a corner!).

Studies have been made concerning the motivation and purpose of squirting milk from the breast. Instinctively the "mother" knows that this action causes intense attention in some individuals. (Here the gender is really not that important. As long as there is attention then there will be a strong purpose to perform.)

Aiming the milk in different directions can also be considered highly symbolic. Straight away from the body is a direct invitation to anyone nearby to "participate" in the exhibition. They might be a perfect stranger but this makes no difference. The hand of friendship (milk flow) has been extended. Accepting the warm liquid without recrimination is the highest form of adulation.

Milk that is directed at a right angle might contain two distinct purposes. The right hand is always considered the stronger of the two. The milk coming in this direction asks no "favors." If you are not turned on by it then you should leave at once. Further explanations will not be forthcoming!

The left angle could be interpreted as a "weak approach" or as one that contains a certain element of idiosyncrasy. The arc of the milk is important also! Very high is the feeling of ebullience, nothing can stop the flow no matter what the reaction will be on the other end. A lower stream is the exact opposite. (Or it could be interpreted as a low supply of milk at the time.)

Milk that is sprayed in many directions at the same time is not to be considered seriously. The individual involved in such a childish display only wants immediate attention. Unless she gets this attention then she will splash her milk on everyone and everything in sight.

Some women seem to have the magical capacity to command a supply of milk even though the endocrine glands are not cooperating at the moment. Mona seems to be a good example of this. Her full breasts are currently heavy with a good supply of warm lactose. Inside her body is the wonder of nature and apparently she is able to control its cycle. (This isn't altogether true, however, since nature will work its wonders without any help from anyone else.)

When men first took to milking cows–in 6,000 B.C. or thereabouts–they may have noticed that there were times when the animal seemed to withhold her milk. They didn't know about that group of hormones that stimulates the contractions of the uterus. All of that area of knowledge was to be revealed much later in history.

Mona freely admits that she has a driving urge to "demonstrate her ability to let loose with her milk." Her fingers gently massage her breasts until there is a subtle movement inside. She knows just when the eruption is ready to take place. Hopefully there will be someone in attendance because she doesn't like to perform to an empty house. Without an appreciative audience she can become most melancholy. All that work doesn't mean anything at all.

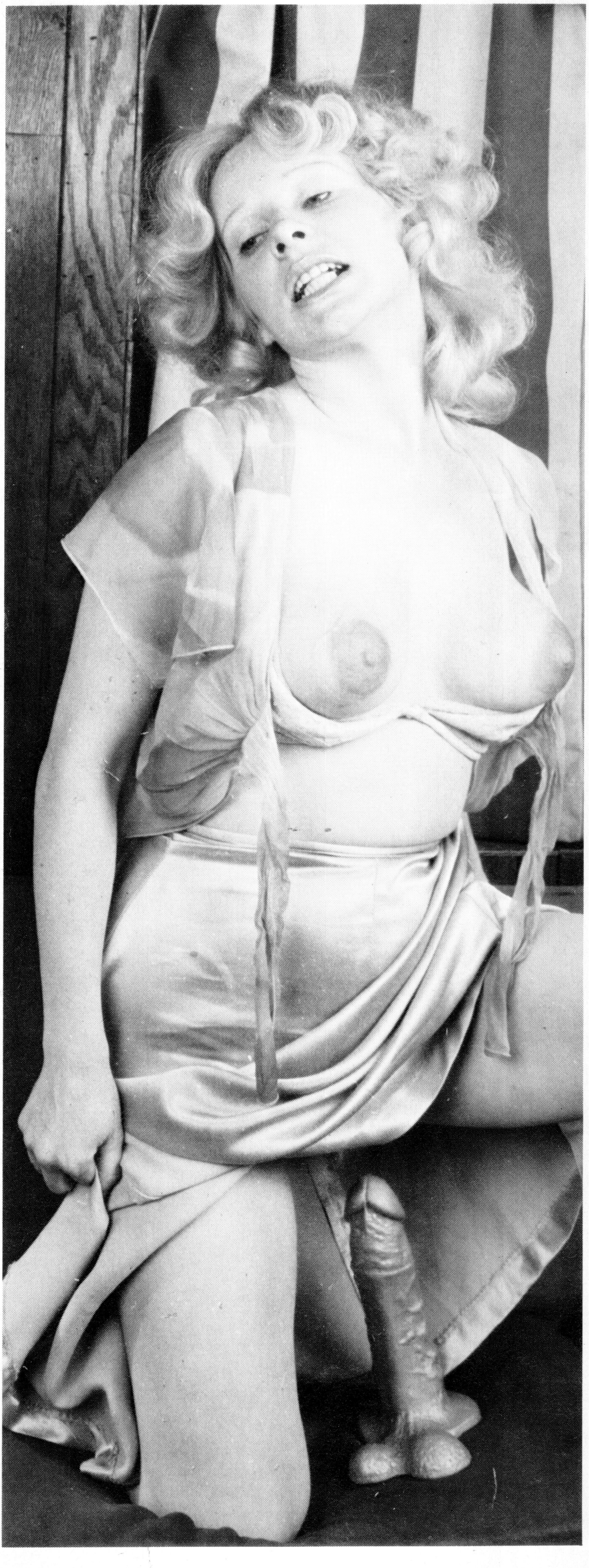
Lately Mona hasn't had any trouble getting her audience. (No more than three at a time, thank you very much!) Once her talents are exhibited, word of mouth spreads the news. Very shortly she will be getting all kinds of strange calls. In a way she doesn't mind this at all. After all she is one of a kind. There aren't too many breast manipulators like Mona around these days. And if they do exist, they are certainly keeping to themselves. They don't want any publicity at all!

Like most of us, Mona does have her bad days. She might be filled with a large supply of milk but she just doesn't have the drive to do anything about it. It's during these times that she needs some special stimulation. Being groped isn't the answer. If some firm, sincere hands should start to stroke her thighs and breasts, however, she could quickly be on her way again. This doesn't mean that she reacts automatically to touch. Mona still needs the right person at the right time.

Perhaps when further investigation into this breast phenomenon is completed more will be understood about this unique activity. Until then we have to depend upon personal experiences. Since Mona has been into "jetting the milk" for sometime she is an excellent repository for much needed information.

Nothing is held back from the interviewers. Mona enjoys sharing her knowledge because hopefully she'll someday find someone like herself and together they can experiment with other aspects of "milk spurting."

Unless you are really into this activity, much which has been discussed could sound bizarre. It must be remembered that everyone has their own definition of sexual release.



MONA & GAIL

It was probably fate that Mona should eventually meet someone like Gail. There has to be the admired and the admirer to complete the circle. In this case Gail is the ardent admirer!

They met, of all places, on a nude beach in Southern California. Each was alone at the time which made it much more convenient. At first they didn't pay too much attention to each other. Then when Mona started to squeeze her voluptuous breasts sparks began to fly. Gail couldn't keep her eyes off her manipulating fingers. In her mind she saw herself doing exactly the same thing. She knew this was impossible because too many people were on the beach and besides she really didn't know Mona that well.

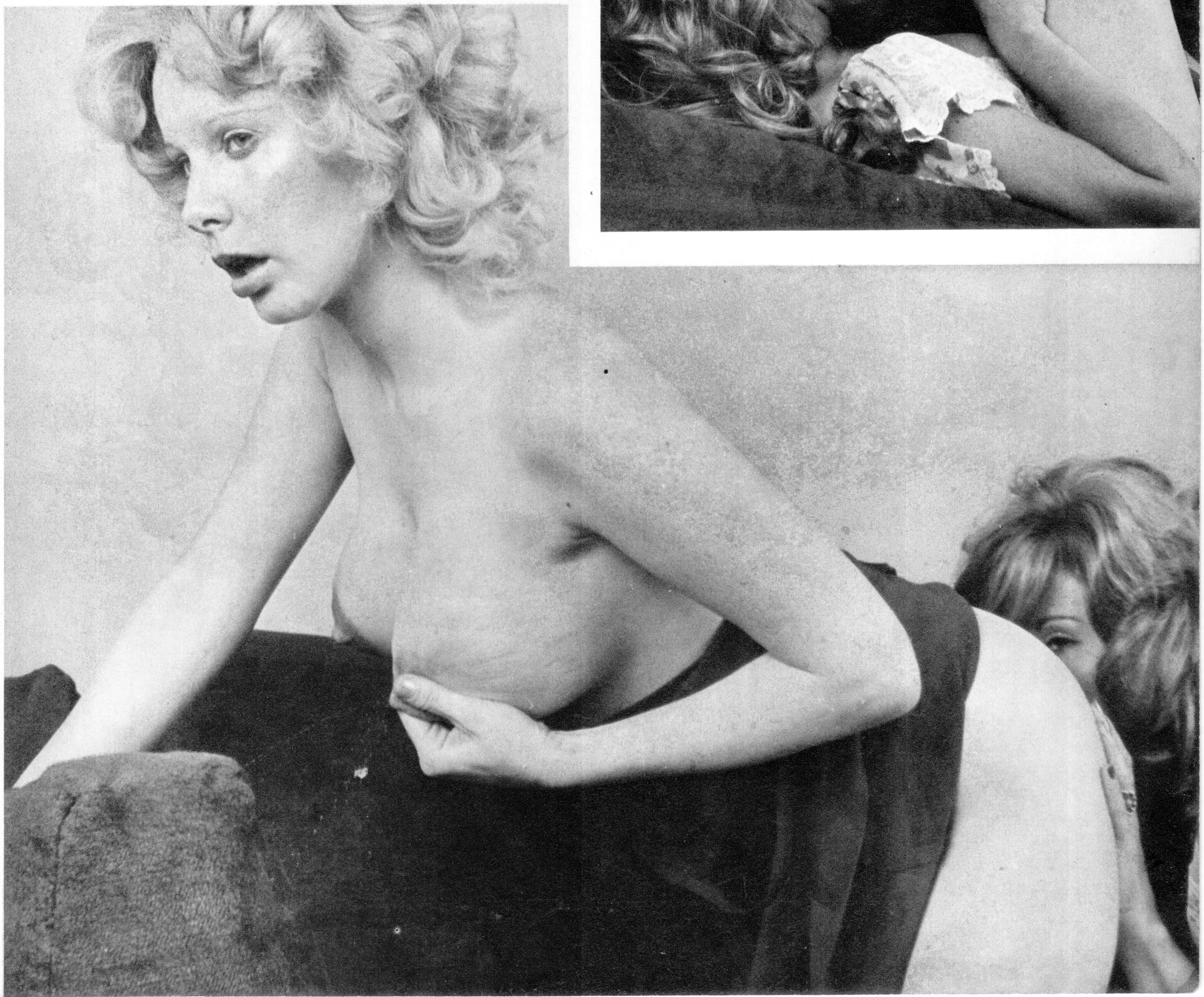
When a fat woman went out too far in the water and almost drowned then the situation changed drastically between them. Both Mona and Gail rushed to her rescue. They almost knocked each other down in the water. When they were back on their feet again, Gail immediately recognized Mona and she almost fainted. She was only inches away from those creamy cones.

And so Gail met Mona! Unfortunately they forgot all about that poor fat lady drowning. Someone else had to get out there with a boat and tug her into shore. Mona and Gail had other things on their minds.

They both left the beach together within the hour. Gail wanted desperately to be alone with Mona. Her fingers were tingling with anticipation. They wanted to duplicate what Mona had been doing to her classic boobs. Of course Mona didn't know about this but she did suspect that Gail wanted to fool around a little.

Gail's apartment was closer and also she had more privacy. No noisy neighbors were going to knock on her door, they knew better. Gail could have a terrible temper whenever she's bothered.

It didn't take long for both Mona and Gail to shed their clothes. They wanted to get down to bare essentials as quickly as possible. Gail was in the mood to attack Mona but she held back these aggressive feelings as much as she could. She didn't want to scare Mona away, she may never meet another beauty like her in a long while.



Gail thought she had seen everything but when Mona suddenly started squirting streams of creamy milk from her firm nipples she almost flipped out. The exhibition continued for almost three minutes. Where was she getting all that juicy liquid? Gail wanted to taste some but she didn't know how to ask Mona. Again she was playing it cool.

After Mona did her thing she was ready to settle down for a while. That milk drainage from both breasts took a lot of hidden energy. She didn't like to discuss this expenditure with a stranger because she didn't know what reaction she would get.

Gail was very sympathetic. Her degree of awareness was high. More than anything she wanted to please her new friend. The demonstration with the

milk still was on her mind. A girl who could be this versatile with her natural attributes must be sensational in bed.

When they finally wandered into the bedroom together, both of their attitudes changed. They weren't so hectic with each other. Thankfully the big rush was over. No one was trying to prove anything to the other.

At last Gail could get on those wild breasts. It took a lot of will power to keep from chewing on those very ripe nipples. They bobbed around like freshly picked cherries.

Eventually Mona caught the gleam in Gail's eye. It amused her to know that her new friend was melting the way she was. Mona loved to be admired like that and she instantly got in the mood to squirt some more hot milk in Gail's direction.

The sudden downpour took Gail by surprise. She held up her hand and then when she became aware of the source she exposed herself gladly to Mona's creamy shower.

The minute the shower was over both girls began to hug each other. Gail was murmuring in Mona's ear. Her words were barely audible. So much excitement was surging through her body that the words were impossible to form. It really didn't matter. Mona knew exactly what was on her mind. She just let it all hang out!

They hardly made it to the bed. Gail was down on her knees worshipping Mona's curly-matted pussy. She wanted to compare the taste of her cunt with the liquid refreshment she had received upstairs.

The phone started to ring as both girls came. It was like a signal of fulfillment. It rang and rang and, of course, no one bothered to answer it. Nothing could be more important than their love at that minute.

Finally Mona had to admit that there was no more milk to be had. She had accomplished her last squirt for the evening. Of course there would be other times and this was a promise.

The girls did see a lot of each other after this hot session together. They promised each other that they would respect each other's freedom. Although Gail would have liked to have had a closer relationship she didn't press it. Everything was going along smoothly for the moment.

Several weeks went by before Mona could spray her warm milk in Gail's direction. With all that practice she was becoming a good aim. Gail even allowed herself to become a moving target at times. This was one game she wished would go on forever.

MONA & GAIL & CARL

There's no denying that Mona is a very unpredictable girl. She's always looking for new experiences and that means that she's on the move a lot. Fidelity is very important to her. If she meets someone along the way who has been both interesting and compatible then she isn't apt to give up. They will remain within her circle for a long time to come.

And so it was that Mona and Gail stayed together. Gail never lost her awe for Mona's ability to control the incredible milk supply contained within those two beautiful upturned breasts. She always looked forward to those times when they could have sex together and these moments would be the heaven times of her day.

It was never in Gail's mind to look around. She had found what she wanted and it didn't make sense to waste all that time. Mona's restless attitude bewildered her. Gail was certainly the eager audience she desired. There wasn't anything that Gail wouldn't do for Mona. Still this didn't seem to be enough.

During one warm summer weekend they visited the Palisades Amusement Park. Riding the merry-go-round was so much fun together. They kept

buying tickets and getting back on the same horses. On the last turn their solitude was invaded by a stranger. He said his name was Carl and he claimed that he had always been looking for someone who enjoyed merry-go-rounds as much as himself.

Gail wasn't taken in by his boyish charm at all. She wanted to go on to another amusement but Mona kept hanging back. "Come on," exclaimed Carl, "I'll race you around the circle. You take the red horse and I'll be right behind on the green." His suggestion made Mona laugh. Gail thought she was going to be sick.

While they were spinning around Gail was amazed to see Mona squeeze the tips of her breasts. Was she going to squirt her marvelous supply of milk right out in public? Gail didn't want to watch and she turned her eyes away.

Finally the ride came to an end. Instantly Gail suggested to Mona that they go somewhere to eat. Immediately Carl told about a hot dog stand he knew about. "Wait'll you taste that hot meat," he

said, slyly. Mona picked up the hint right away. All of a sudden she was very hungry for some hot dogs. "I do hope they are juicy," she murmured.

Reluctantly Gail trailed along behind them as they started for the hot dog stand. She was still trying to get Mona's attention away from Carl. Nothing she did, however, broke the spell!

Once they all started eating Carl moved in on Mona. Gail could see his hand dropping down inside her closed thighs. The sight of his fingers pushing towards her golden box made her violently ill. She thought she was going to throw up. That was her exclusive territory and she didn't want someone—especially a pushy dude—claiming Mona's pretty pussy. But again there was nothing she could do!

"I have a surprise for you," confessed Mona to Carl as they started to walk away from the hot dog stand. "Nothing surprises me!" exclaimed Carl. "I've seen everything!" When he said this, Gail started to laugh. He looked at her angrily. "What's the matter with you?" he demanded. "You'll find out," answered Gail. She didn't want to say anymore.

As they walked towards the parking lot Mona made the suggestion that they all go to Gail's apartment. Gail was about to protest but Mona shoved her elbow in her ribs and she decided to keep quiet.

No one spoke in the long ride to Gail's apartment. Gail knew that Carl was inching his hot, sweaty fingers into Mona's twitching box. This made it very difficult to concentrate on the road. Several times she skidded to a stop just to break up the action in the back seat.

When they reached the apartment Mona was emotionally high. She couldn't keep her hands from her breasts. It looked as though she were about to explode with another warm stream of milk. If this did happen right out in the open, Gail was going to let out a scream. She wanted Mona to know that she didn't approve of her promiscuousness!

"O.K., now what's this big surprise you have for me?" asked Carl when they were settled down in the apartment. Mona didn't say a word. She loved all this intrigue and she was going to continue being mysterious.

Without warning she removed her blouse. The sight of her bare breasts caused Carl to whistle in admiration. "That's a neat pair of jugs you have there," he grunted. "I'd really like to bite down on those swinging nipples." "You just might drown yourself that way," exclaimed Mona.

Suddenly a white spurt leaped across the room. Carl jumped back and Gail started to laugh again. "I told you that you'd find out," she screamed. Carl looked at Mona in amazement. "What the hell did you just do?" Mona did it again. This time the milky stream hit him directly in the face. For a brief second he was blinded.

"Don't you like my milk?" laughed Mona. "You'd better because I'm going to do it again and again." Gail suddenly raised her hand. "Don't, Mona!" she exclaimed. "Don't waste that precious liquid like that!"

Carl finally had his eyesight back and he was able to evalute the events which were taking place before him at a rapid rate. "You win," he winced. "I guess I haven't seen everything after all." He came closer to Mona and his hands reached out to touch the smooth surface of her rigid breasts. "Beautiful," he murmured. Mona nodded, "Yes, and they are full of my own special milk."

Gail didn't like being left out in the cold like that. She moved in between Mona and Carl. Neither one of them objected because at that moment they had mysteriously become a team.

Now Mona had two pairs of hands roaming about her creamy breasts. She had to close her eyes because all of this attention was beginning to make her dizzy.

For the first time since they had all got together, Gail didn't feel any jealousy towards Carl. She was beginning to understand him better. He was just as enthralled with Mona's milk trick as herself. In a way it was pleasant to have a partner. Both their hands seem to be awakening a new kind of emotion in Mona. Her eyes were becoming wide and her breasts had a slight vibration to them.

Gail was secretly hoping that Mona wouldn't be looking around anymore. The three of them made the perfect team. But, of course, there was no predicting what Mona would do. She was going to continue to be as independent as she had been in the past. Any girl who could spurt her milk in any direction wasn't the type to stand in the corner very long.

For the moment Mona was more than satisfied with her small circle of friends. She didn't want to get anyone jealous so she decided to play it cool for a while.